WHAT OF IT?

BY NETTIE SEELEY MURPHY

THOR OF "ISN'T IT SO?"

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WHAT OF IT?

By the Same Author

ISN'T IT SO?

Illustrated. 12mo.

Cloth, $1.00

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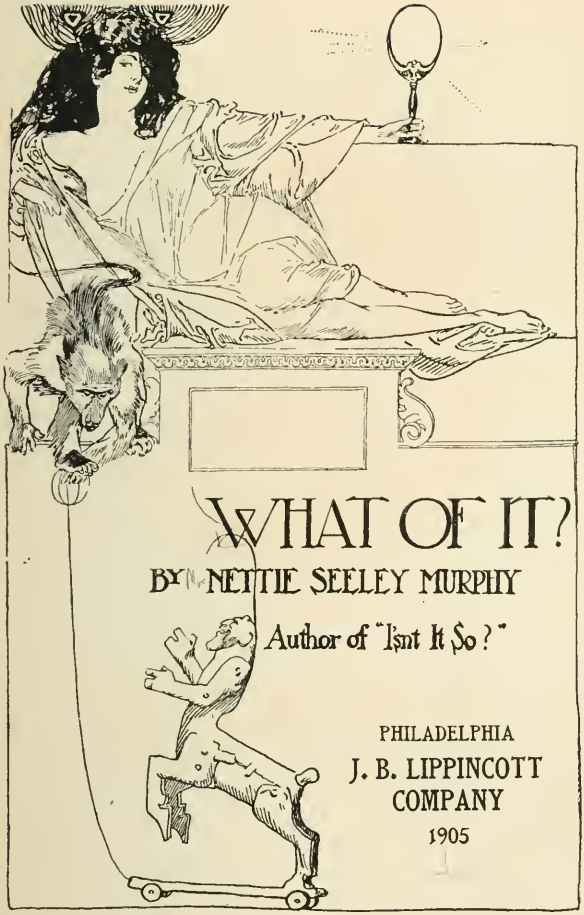
Yours Truly
Nettie Tuley-Murphy



WHAT OF IT?

BY NETTIE SEELEY MURPHY

Author of "Isn't It So?"

PHILADELPHIA
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
1905

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Published September, 1905

Electrotyped and Printed by
J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, U. S. A.

TO MY

SEVEN GRAND GIRLS

AND BOYS

INTRODUCTION

As a matter of fact, I don't believe *one* of my bitterisms! I believe nothing but that my friends are true, my husband noble, my children good, and that this is a glorious old world to live in!

So here's to the precious, perspicacious public! May it live long to read and rail at my aphorisms. And may you enjoy the reading and laughing at my epigrams as much as I have the writing and laughing at you!

THE AUTHOR.

WHAT OF IT?

EN marry expecting all the virtues. Women marry knowing they are lucky if they find one.

Courtship is like sliding down hill with your best girl. Marriage is carrying the sled up hill with the girl on the sled.

The faithfulness of wives is a foregone conclusion. The faithfulness of husbands is a foregone confusion.

The most strenuous job in the universe is being a woman, and there isn't one woman who isn't disgusted with her job.

Never cry over spilt milk—there's too much sour left to wrestle with.

"The fear of my wife is the beginning of wisdom" is in many a man's Bible.

Love is a week of insane bliss, and then —sufferance.

Men are peculiarly susceptible to two things, pity and flattery. Either one administered with tact will land any of them.

From those who pose "In the name of the Lord" good Lord deliver us!

A man is honest through principle, a woman through fear of being found out.

A fly might as well try to get out of a spider's web, as a man get out of a woman's toils, when she has made up her mind to hold him.

Woman is either man's heaven or man's hell—seldom anything between.

The vanity of man makes the existence of woman easier.

The woman who tells her age not only has the courage of her convictions, but the courage of her looks.

Honesty is a poor paying business.

An old bachelor's loneliness may be pathetic, but an old maid's is tragic.

When Cupid wants real sport, he goes gunning in the ranks of the married!

Listen closely and you will detect the minor chord in every woman's voice.

In your estimate of a man don't take the plaudits of the crowd. Interview his wife!

Keep a man guessing: that's the whole secret.

The worst thing about a fool is his being so *utterly* a fool that he doesn't know he *is* a fool.

If wisdom and experience could only come with youth, what a world we should have by the horns.

Marriage increases man's respect for woman, and decreases woman's respect for man.

What wonders we would all accomplish —if we only had the other fellow's opportunity.

We take religion as we take a pill, praying that it will cure, while rebelling at the taste.

Love is seldom a fatal complaint with men. It is like his whooping-cough and measles,—easily acquired and easily cured.

Marriage is a heaven of corked-up bliss, or hell with the lid off.

Women marry praying for the illusion to last. Men marry for the pleasure of smashing the illusion.

A woman never understands how hard a man works for her until she has lost him.

If you do not encroach on a man's pet vices and extravagances he's a very amiable sort of a beast.

To marry but once is monotony. To marry more than once is bravado!

Every pleasure has its penalty, and every pain its reward.

Of course there *are* faithful husbands in the world; but there are freaks, too!

Love is a gift of the angels.

A woman is a species of animal no man can understand, and no woman would bother to.

Marriage is a broom that sweeps away all illusions.

The bread of independence never gives one indigestion.

A man needs seasoning just as much as soup does.

Extreme amiability in women is either stupidity or a social or matrimonial axe to grind.

The combination of passion and purity, integrity and intelligence in woman is what captures a man.

A man likes fame for the woman he loves, so long as it does not rival him. But his Majesty has no notion of playing second fiddle to any muse.

A man is as afraid of the woman he loves as a woman is afraid of a burglar in the dark.

A faithful spouse is the loneliest work of God.

We follow with reverential tread the dead body to the grave; and then we gallop back to the marts of the world, already planning to replace the victim in our affections, or scheming to obtain his money! And yet we flatter ourselves we shall be remembered! Oh, the duplicity of human nature!

The uncertainty of the future is in part alleviated by the hope that we may escape some of the people we have to endure here.

Every one of us is a liar, only some are more accomplished in the art than others.

The first thing a husband learns is that his wife is made of clay, and that he is tied hard and fast. The first thing a wife learns is that her husband is more stomach than soul, and that his pocket-book has a time-lock on it.

If you want to keep your love, break his heart. If you want to lose him, marry him.

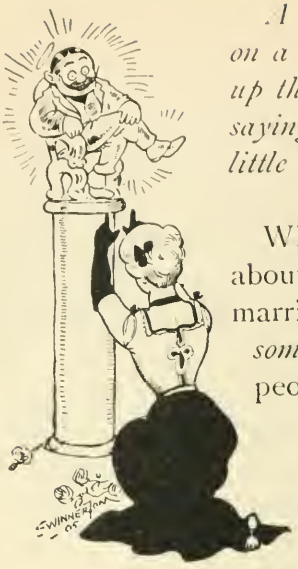
Necessity and vanity go arm in arm to ruin women.

Wasn't it a foxy design of some one's that made widow's weeds so becoming?

The rasping, tyrannical little things are what make trenches in the human countenance, and not the big troubles that are often borne with fortitude.

It is always the unattainable that is fascinating,—if women could only get this fact pounded into their silly noddles!

It is the shy glimpses we catch of the human heart that make us want to delve deeper.



A woman puts a man on a pedestal, and he sits up there grinning at her, saying to himself, "Poor little ignoramus!"

Why this hue and cry about the non-felicity of married love! There are *some* blind and stupid people in the world.

Oh, these "all soul" women who "wear their hearts on their sleeves for daws to peck at!" Daws that wear trousers, and mustaches, and hypocritical smiles! Learn early in the game they are *only* "daws" and not the "fair gods" of your imagination.

There is only one sin,—greed. It leads to all the others.

Hypocrites and liars should have good memories.

Marriage proves a necessary evil to the majority of women.

The amount of gray matter a man expends in making excuses should win him a place in the Halls of Fame.

The sobs of a woman and the oaths of a man are much more vociferous when they are sure of a good listener.

A woman moralizes over a man's vices, and then turns up her nose when she finds him virtuous.

To sound the depths of the human heart, you have to use but one tool—flattery.

The woman who can say flattering things to another woman as though she meant them is bound to be a social success.

The religion of to-day is a cloak well lined with dollar bills.

The way to fight a man is not with law, tears, or pistol, but with indifference.

The one woman who never had a flaw in her character, a mar in her beauty, a jog in her temper was—my husband's first wife.

The large generosity of men in dealing with the foibles of women is worthy of a better cause.

By all means get health. It is the key-note to everything in life.

As a sex woman is divine. As an individual she is a bore.

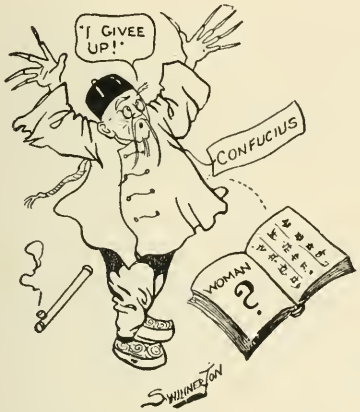
God knew pretty nearly what He was about when He restricted women. If women had the same license as men this old world would be doing a skirt-dance with one foot on the North Pole and the other on the South.

Dead people are always monuments of goodness, oracles of wisdom, paragons of virtue.

The "demnition grind" that Dickens tells about is resolved into the single proposition of how to beat the other fellow.

Marriage is like bicycling,—too hard work for the fun you get out of it.

The divination of the heavens is A. B. C. compared to the divination of woman.



Greek, Hindu, Chinese might be learned, but woman,—never!

Adam was a sorry lot after Eve appeared on the scene. Why *will* men never remember that?

Men love the unattainable virtue, and women love the attainable pocket-book!

The people who agree with us have such perspicuity, such intelligence!

As a sex, man is an abomination unto the Lord. As an individual he is a combination of strength and sweetness put up in more or less agreeable packages, for the benefit of woman.

Man is woman's chastisement.

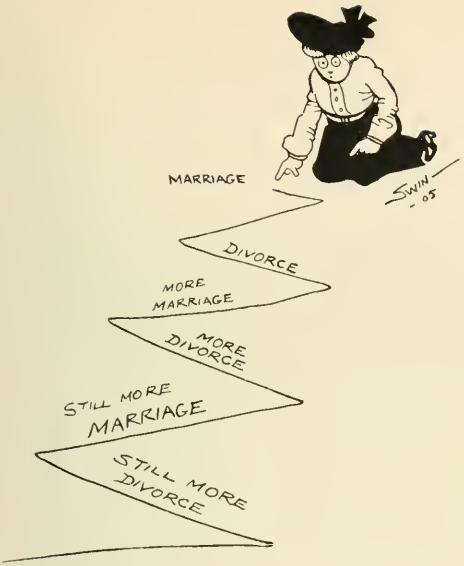
Touch a man's vanity and he expands like the green bay tree. Touch his pocketbook and he closes like a clam.

With the wealthy vice is an enticement, a *passer le temps*, a thing to be winked at, condoned. With the poor, vice is vulgar, nauseating, justifiably punishable.

The principles that we keep on tap for other people's inspection are seldom the principles we practice.

Life is a hard job at the best, and those of us who are the best paid for it often feel like going on strike for more peace, shorter miseries, and lighter heartaches.

Playing with fire and playing with passion are charming—so long as you do not get burned.



Men think in straight lines. Women in zig-zag.

It is the proper thing for a man to be proper—after he has exhausted everything that isn't.

Love is never so blind that it can't see securities.

Some people stand up like lamp-posts in our lives, lighting us to a happier, brighter life.

If women knew how men crave sympathy—simple, human pity, warm, heartfelt sympathy—and how far it goes with them, she would make it her strongest weapon.

The nauseating pills of vice that men swallow with relish are among the most astonishing things a woman has to learn.

Real good morals are a real good thing to have in plenty. They are such a shield when you want to rob a bank, or run away with another man's wife!

"Man is the noblest work of God"—in the few moments when he doesn't happen to be the most ignoble.

A man might be happy penniless, but more or less money is absolutely necessary to a woman's happiness. Imagine a female Happy Hooligan!

When the Lord makes a virtuous man, or a vainless woman, the devil feels like shutting up shop.

The injured innocence of a man is beautiful to behold—before he is caught.

Get a man's friendship, and you hold him. Get his love, and you lose him. Men are true friends and false lovers. Women are false friends and true lovers.

When a woman says No, and means Yes, she thinks a man a dullard for obeying the No and not divining the Yes.

Every woman is queen in the realm of vanity.

Every man is a czar in the empire of egotism.

Do right under difficulties. Any fool can do right with no pressure to do wrong.

Say No to a woman and she immediately plans to turn the world upside down and, incidentally, you along with it, until you gasp Yes in sheer exhaustion.

Go through the world with the pick and shovel, love and charity, to find the good in people, and your basket will be overflowing.

The study of human nature is a mortification.

Our parents push us into marriage as they push us into whooping-cough and measles, knowing that we shall suffer, but idiotically believing that the disease is a necessary evil.

A drunken man is as hard a pull on a woman's sentiment and a woman's ardor as a vulgar, slovenly woman must be on a man's.

It is not really so much what we do as how we do it.

The religion that your own system may assimilate may give another indigestion.

Keep on your knees, ladies, and your lord and master will be more or less amiable and throw you occasional crumbs of comfort. Dare to arise, and behold the savage that is latent in him!

A man might be a Beethoven in music, a Raphael in art, a Shakespeare in literature, but the man with the talent to make money is ahead of them all in a woman's eyes.

Millions of men are honest and millions of women virtuous because they have no opportunity to be otherwise.

The real gentleman saves a woman from every man's attack, even his own. The other fellow is protective only as far as other men are concerned.

No widow was ever so crushed with grief that her first peep into her mirror did not tell her that a widow's bonnet is the most becoming thing a woman ever wore.

A man treats a finely bred horse or a finely bred dog with the utmost consideration. But he heaps all the savagery of his nature on a finely bred woman.

Every sentiment in life is only a question of imagination, more or less exaggerated.

Hope is a desire forever unsatisfied.

To-morrow we shall be happy! To-morrow we shall be rich! To-morrow we shall have our loved ones with us!—and to-morrow never comes.

The supposition is, when a girl is married she is settled for life,—when she is really just beginning to be unsettled.

When a woman first realizes that all romance has dropped out of her life, the tug at her heart-strings is perhaps the worst wrench they ever get.

The only thing to do with an old man is to get his money. The only thing to do with an old woman is to get an undertaker.

Many a man is uniformed who ought to be chloroformed.

The sweetness, severity and wisdom of old age should teach rash youth to emulate it.

Age deludes itself that youth has need of him. The only use that youth has for age is to use him to further his own ends.

Gratitude is a something we talk about but never feel. It is a virtue known only to dogs.

Scandal thrives best on idle soil.

To parley with virtue is to succumb to vice.

The confidence we have in other people's goodness is built largely on the confidence we have in our own.

The devil goes around with a basketful of opportunities for us to do his will. And the most damning ones are always on the top.

The requirements of marriage are like religion,—a whole lot of faith and very little knowledge.

A man never forgives a woman for growing old.

Woman is the oasis in the desert of man's life.

Satan goes fishing with all sorts of bait. But vanity is the bait that catches all conditions and kinds.

The woman he cannot get is always the most desirable, as the apple beyond his reach is always the reddest.

Think of your blessings; there are plenty of them. Forget your woes; they are always magnified.

Constancy is a thing a man preaches and a woman practises.

Justice is hard pressed for material when she tries dealing with a woman.

It is but a question of time when married love becomes a farce played more or less amiably for the benefit of the neighbors.

The manœuvring and subterfuging that women resort to to retain their hold on men is worthy of a better cause.

All men are fickle — unless a woman holds the pocket-book.

When a woman realizes that a man is an animal, to be endured and made the best of, and casts aside all ideas of reformation, she will have made long strides towards peace, if not happiness.

When love begins to die, the woman weeps, and the man sneers.

All men and women lose the power to fascinate, but not one loses the desire to.

The quality of our morals usually depends on what other people think of them.

Wound the heart unto breaking, the body unto death, and it may be forgiven you. But wound the vanity and the crime stands forever against you.

Every man is a big baby who never quite gets out of his swaddling clothes. And the woman who remembers and acts upon this knowledge is the woman who rules her baby.

Love is so tender a flower that nothing human can handle it carefully enough to make it last forever.

There are not ten women in a thousand who have reached the half century mark who have not aching or breaking hearts. Why? Because women live on love and illusion, and at that age their idols are broken, their illusions shattered, and their hearts lie amongst the ruins.

The devotion of a lover is always in proportion to the admiration of other men.

A man never seems to realize until he gets about ninety that he is a back number. He puts every old codger around him in the rear, but he always fondly imagines that *he* is still in the realm of fascination.

When a man is generous it is to bluff the other fellow. When a woman is generous she wants the secret of the other woman's beauty-doctor or dress-maker.

Nothing is quite worth the price we pay for it in this world.

If women were judges of men there would be no marriages. If men were judges of women—but that is an inconceivable proposition.

There was never a purely moral human being born on this mundane sphere except Adam, and he soon got tired of the job!

There are no marriages in heaven, because marriage requires a man.

We produce our best when our hands are fullest.

Gather the crumbs of Happiness, and they will make for you a loaf of Contentment.

Vanity is the only passion that never dies. It follows us even to anxiety as to the fit of our shroud and the pattern of our coffin-handles.

Avarice is the only passion left to old age.

It is a sad commentary on human nature that people's vices are more fascinating than their virtues.

Few women are humorous. I think they feel the pathos of being a woman.

Woman makes a drudge of man to support her vanity and idleness. Man accepts the drudgery to purchase peace and silence.

The perfect woman is a perfect bore.

We abhor vice strenuously in other people's households, but when it reaches our own, how we back water!

The fiercest wild-cat guards her young, but a civilized mother throws her daughter into the arms of titled roués and money-hunting reprobates.

Avoid the microscope in affairs of love. No sentiment, not even religion, can stand it.

If you interlard your intercourse with society with plenty of flattery, it will never turn its back on you.

Fill a man full of love of himself and he is easily landed and handled.

Love is the sugar that sweetens life's vinegar.

We are always suspicious of the motives of others when we have not always been perfectly upright ourselves.

Death, the gateway to peace! The gateway to freedom! Why are we so afraid to open it?

When we are young we fear consequences. When we are old we fear gossip.

An increase of avoirdupois means an increase of virtue.

To make a man love you, make him believe he is the only genuine, real thing extant. He will be so pleased at your discovery that he will love the discoverer.

The religion that you are trying to cram down your neighbor's throat is probably the religion that you take in small doses yourself.

Others' judgment of us we generally deserve. Our judgment of others is generally warped.

The deeper one goes into the problems of life, religion, or love, the unhappier they become. People who live on the surface are invariably contented.

One can defend one's self against the assassin's knife, but who can defend himself against the hypocrite?

If we sail on the waters of love long enough, we are bound to reach the shores of indifference.

The woman with no heart is the woman who scores hits. These heart creatures always get beaten in the game of life.

A man is never so ugly that he cannot find some woman to declare him handsome.

These red-hot, sizzling loves soon burn to ashes.

Men do not love women of character—it throws their own so in the shade.

We are all pessimistic,—when our girl goes off with the other fellow. We are all optimistic when our pocket-book is full.

Vanity often makes as big a fool of a man as desire.

Life is a "scrapping-match," and sooner or later we all get the solar-plexus blow.

The worst thing in life is poverty of heart, poverty of soul, not poverty of riches.

An accomplished liar is a *chef-d'œuvre.*

We always hate those whose wit is sharper than our own.

Fools make more trouble in the world than do criminals.

When a man's love is dead, it is more dead than Cæsar.

Marriage is perpetual conciliating and excusing on the man's side, and a heart-breaking acceptation of the inevitable on the woman's.

We all make the common mistake—the mistake of being alive.

Every wife can tell you that man is a veneered savage.

Woman would be deprived of one of her keenest pleasures if she were denied the pleasure of being miserable.

There are two things a man will never know anything about,—perpetual motion and a woman's heart.

The Lord made woman honest, and the devil has never recovered from his surprise.

The silent tears that well up in the hearts of women could drown the universe.

The religion that we believe we believe is the religion that will save our soul. The religion that we say we believe is the religion that may save our social or family standing.

Girls, don't waste your ammunition on a man under thirty or thirty-five. Before that he is a fool or an egotist. If he doesn't happen to be either he is mamma's darling, and has been taught by her that marriage is an unnecessary, an expensive performance.

The heavy stones in the hearts of wives and mothers would build a tower to heaven.

It is only a woman's vanity that allows her to swallow the soft lies of men.

The love of man is the love for an individual. The love of a woman is the love of an ideal.

When the morals of your neighbors displease you, try and be consoled. It is because they didn't have you to advise them!

Assume success, even if you have it not. No one cares for the under dog.

Woman must have all the virtues; man but one—money.

The cultivation of happiness makes happiness just as the cultivation of roses makes roses.

Vanity and passion are at the root of every evil in christendom.

The woman who makes a door-mat of herself for her husband and sons must not be surprised when she feels their feet on her neck.

Life is a disease, and it is a species of selfishness to afflict any one with it.

To many women men are but animated cash registers.

Woman has three weapons—flattery, beauty, wit. But the greatest of these is flattery.

A woman requires a lover and a complexion to be happy. A man requires a vice and paying dividends.

A man often finds something amusing in love. A woman never finds anything in it but tragedy.

Love is symbolic of fanaticism, and fanaticism is not far from an asylum.

Happiness is a myth, a will-o'-the-wisp, a mirage, with no foundation for its existence but in our own imagination.

Truth makes villains of us all.

Love is the admission of two people of insanity.

Smooth him, coax him, coddle him, and your man is putty in your hands. Fight him, slight him, nag him, and a raging bull couldn't equal him for ugliness.

A man is always a tyrant until he meets his match in some little five-foot woman, and the way she whips him around the stump makes the gods laugh!

The way to fascinate a man is to elude him just a little. The way to hold him is to never let him believe but what you could live without him.

Man chases happiness from childhood to old age, and dies without ever catching the hem of her garment.

No sentiment but a mother's love can stand the microscope.

Money is a great lubricator of the wheels of life.

Jealousy is a hell's fire that can only be quenched by the tears of love.

A weary body is rested in a few hours. A weary heart may not be rested in a lifetime.

Money is a great quietus of scruples.

The jealousy that was fascinating in a sweetheart becomes a bore in a wife.

Old age is tasteless. The spice of ambition and adventure has gone. It pampers itself with luxuries, hanging on to the skirts of a lost happiness when it would give all it possessed for the joy that once thrilled it, when it stole a kiss from the lips of beauty!

When people disagree with you, pity rather than condemn. They can't be supposed to have the superior light on the subject that you have!

The vanity of a peacock is nothing compared to the vanity of a man when a woman first tells him she loves him.

Some women are fit only to be put in a bird-cage to be looked at.

Man demands in woman goodness, grace, beauty, piety, domesticity, intelligence, etc., etc., *ad infinitum*. Woman demands in man—money!

The older a woman grows the more she feels the need of being loved, and the less able she is to inspire it. It is one of the most pathetic tragedies of life.

To work is nothing, but to worry is hell!

Forget disagreeable things. You only prove yourself disagreeable by remembering them.

Be a villain if you must, but don't be rude. That is unpardonable.

Happiness is like to-morrow,—always coming, never here.

It isn't the devil that lays humanity low. It is opportunity.

When you've had your dose of man's duplicity and man's deceit, learn this trite lesson: Every man is a deceiver or a fool. When you find the exception, cage him for exhibition.

Man is gunpowder. Woman is the match.

Men are but boys grown tall. And they need training and managing just as much as they did in knickerbockers.

A man's lack of morals can be usually accounted for by a woman's lack of common sense.

A man may lose the ability but he never loses the wish to roam in pastures new.

Fate sometimes forces us into sin and hypocrisy even against our most honest desires.

The wit that hits others is screamingly funny. The wit that hits us is the vilest slander.

The friends God gives you are yours. The friends your relatives thrust upon you —well!

Give a man flattery by the bucketful. He'll swallow it all, and ask for a hogshead.

The way to keep a man amiable is to baby him. His mother coddled him; his sisters coddled him; his grandmother recoddled him, and his maiden aunt doubled up on that; and he is highly incensed if his wife does not keep up the performance.

A sweet old man is venerable, a sweet old woman is divine.

A wife's stock always goes up when the husband knows some other man admires her.

Marriage is a failure unless founded on the rock of unselfishness.

Marriage is spelled with four letters—d-u-t-y.

There is enough water in a woman's tears to drown a man's soul.

The sweet communion with those we love is the only thing that saves us from insanity.

Money is the salve that heals all wounds.

Woman is the sweet butter to the hard bread of a man's life—and he pays for the butter!

If virtue be measured by what we resist what a monumental female she must be to some of us!

The most cringing, crawling, contemptible thing on earth is a man when he is caught.

That men are absolutely good for nothing but their pocket-book, is the secret opinion of more than one woman.

When we have reached the state of Indifference, we have reached the state of Beatitude.

A man is a heaven when he pays your bills. And a hell when he increases your ills.

We believe in love by spurts, in religion by spasms, but our belief in money is without cessation.

Love is an imaginary quality, marriage a real one.

Keep love's fire replenished with plenty of bank-notes, and you will never come to the ashes.

The extent of one's conscience depends on the extent of what has been found out.

Happiness knows no age, love sees no wrinkles.

The woman who has beauty, but no wit, praise her wit. If she has wit but no beauty, praise her beauty. Praise a woman for what she has not.

If men could understand women and women could divine men, the charm of sex would be gone. There would be no pursuit—no capture.

Love, fidelity, happiness, religion, are all spasmodic qualities. Human nature is too base for anything to get a firm grip on it but wickedness, and that, like the brook, goes on forever.

A man never treats a woman sanely. She is either a saw-dust doll, an angel, or a fiend in his estimation; and in most cases she is neither one nor the other.

A man *makes* opportunities to do evil, and a woman runs away from them.

It's a mighty good thing for a woman to have a pair of fists back of her. They are very convincing.

It is man's prerogative to do as he likes. It is woman's to do the devoted idiot stunt.

Flattery is the open sesame to a man's heart, and money to a woman's.

The hardest word in the English language to say is—no!

After a certain length of time a wife becomes a thing to be endured, supported, conciliated.

The conversation of men always leads to one point: how much money is there in it? Of women, what does *he* say, do, or think?

A man is always in doubt as to the other fellow's honesty, and a woman as to her husband's fidelity.

When a woman gets beyond the age when a man can be made jealous, she may as well throw up her cards.

Fidelity is a thing a man *talks* about!

The cleanliness of some people is vastly more endurable than the godliness of others.

Flattery is all that is left for old age to charm with.

What is man or woman without a history, a romance? Like an unripe pear—puckery; like champagne without its fizz.

I am doubtful of the man who declares that he is honest or the woman who assures me of her virtue. Honesty and virtue are self-evident.

The little fool dressed in a brief authority is as inexorable as a stone wall.

The thorniest path some people have to tread is the path of virtue.

Stop at nothing short of crime to gain your point.

Religion to-day is well shod, well fed, well housed. If the sweet, gentle Christ, bare-footed and clad in coarse raiment, were to walk our streets, he would be followed by a howling mob of perky, well-starched school children, and priest and layman would call him fanatic.

Love is very often side-tracked by too much sweetness.

Friendship gives a hollow sound unless muffled by money.

The first step towards reforming the world is to reform yourself.

Fools are the purgatory of the wise.

Lies are things other people tell and we act.

A man's the sweetest thing alive—in the few moments when he doesn't happen to be the sourest!

Religion is a bait used by many a scoundrel.

Love is the only thing that gives us courage to endure the rags and tags of life, and if we have not that to inspire us, the drab days are many.

There are no houses to let on Worry Street.

We may forget our first born, our first love, but we never forget the man who tickles our vanity.

Make believe you believe everything a man tells you. Never let him catch you laughing up your sleeve at his idiocy. After all, he pays the tariff and that's what you got him for.

One of the most astonishing things a woman learns is what a weakling her big, strong, brave husband is.

Nothing short of cremation will stop a woman's tongue when she thinks she has a grievance.

There is only one religion—duty.

A woman would practise her arts on the devil himself if she could only corner him.

Don't be measuring other people's morals. It might keep you busy attending to your own half-bushel.

It is the superior minds that acknowledge superiority in others.

We are governed by the scum and nobodies of the earth.

A man is a jumping-jack and a woman's hand pulls the string.

A woman *will* have the centre of the stage, even if she has to go through all manner of painful contortions to get there.

Egotism is never jealous.

A dog's love goes beyond your last crust; a woman's to your last dollar.

The stupendous egotism of the woman who thinks she is ensnaring a man is only equalled by his stupendous amusement at her efforts.

Women are truthful except when a man is at stake.

It is only a question of time when a man wearies of the most charming woman on earth. It is the shrewd woman who does the leaving business before her power has waned.

One half the world is stuff, the other half bluff.

A man thinks none the less of a woman for serving notice on him occasionally.

The pitiful, tragic lives of the very poor are a silent reproach to the gorgeous cathedrals that dot the world.

The problem of a woman's life is how to win a man, and then how to keep him. The problem of a man's is which woman to take, and then how to foot her bills.

I could hate men with the most intense hatred—if they were not such nice things to love.

Woman is man's scape-goat, man's cat's-paw. And so long as they maintain their present submissive attitude towards men, they richly deserve the fate meted out to them.

If we could read the "handwriting on the wall" of our loved ones' hearts, we would read: "Have pity!"

It is just as much expected that a man shall be vicious as a woman shall be vain.

The attainment of the stars is easy compared to the attainment of woman's love without a certain amount of money.

When people declare their aversion to the opposite sex, they look the lie they speak.

Labored wit and labored virtue are two labored bores hard to endure.

The only flower that never dies is the flower of love. And it takes an astonishing amount of nourishment to keep even that alive!

Man is a tower of strength—until a woman knocks him over.

Fidelity is a flower that grows in the hearts of women only.

A woman forgives the boldest approach of a man if he only has the wit to tell her it was prompted by her beauty.

Marriage is like a kaleidoscope,—never twice alike, and always keeping you on the jump to make the pieces harmonize.

It is only a question of time when woman becomes a bore, and man becomes monotonous.

All men are influenced by some woman, the woman only differing in her relationship.

Keep your troubles to yourself. The fellow you are reciting them to thinks them a flea-bite compared to his own.

If married people could take each other in Homœopathic doses instead of Allopathic, Dr. Divorce might not be called in so often.

The comments of our friends upon our misfortunes is harder to bear than the misfortunes themselves.

The love that is poaching never needs coaching.

The morals of our neighbors are serious affairs, and need our careful attention. Our own morals have a habit of taking care of themselves.

The love that is overly sweet is apt to be overly fleet.

In your walk up and down Easy street, don't forget the poor devil on the shady side.

A woman is vain of everything excepting her age.

Every man is a liar—except when it profits him to tell the truth.

When you want to find the fiercest and lowest animal in creation look for man.

It is an insult to a dog to call a man one.

Woman's vanity is proverbial. Man's passeth all understanding.

An old man is at a premium—when he has money. An old woman is always below par.

Men—they aren't worth the trouble! Women—they aren't worth the price!

We all mean to reform—when we can't do anything else.

Pause before you cast the first stone—to take better aim.

There are only two necessary evils in the world—men and women.

Women are a study. Men are an understudy.

There are three things that men have in spasms,—love, religion, remorse.

Time has a bad habit of running away when you want it to stay, and staying when you want it to run away.

A man never realizes the depth of a woman's heartache and love until he buries her.

There's only one worse thing than being without the pale of society, and that is being within it.

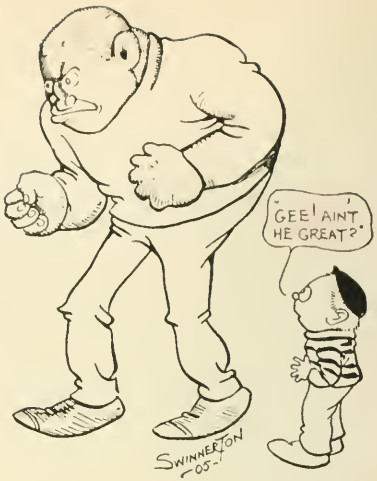
Immorality sometimes entertains us, even while it shocks. Morality succeeds in doing neither.

There's only one worse thing than being a woman; and that is being a man!

To most people religion is a pill sugar-coated by a good-looking minister.

When a man gets petticoat crazy, the straight-jacket of marriage is the only thing that will restore him to sanity.

Prosperity and friends go hand in hand. When one takes to his heels the other invariably follows.



Don't whine through life, but fight. A whining dog is always kicked. A fighting one is respected.

A vigorous shaking up and setting down hard does love a world of good sometimes.

Perhaps the reason religion is such a difficult subject to discuss is because every religionist thinks he has a mortgage on heaven and a patent way of getting into it.

The ism most studied and least comprehended by man is femininism.

The woman who takes everything a man says with a pinch of salt and makes him believe it is a pinch of sugar, is the woman who comes pretty near to ruling him.

Morals are but imaginary qualities controlled by the position on the map. What is perfectly moral in Africa is the acme of indecency in the United States. What is perfectly moral in America is immodest in Oriental countries. What is winked at in Utah is State's prison offence in California.

Women are bought and men are cajoled. Who is the greatest sinner?

Next to greed, the greatest sin is self-righteousness.

A man's jealousy always wonders how full the other fellow's pocket-book is; a woman's jealousy, whether the other woman is better looking.

Of course, after callow youth every one is blasé. Men flaunt it, and seek a new vice. Women conceal it, and seek a new scandal. But it is all a dope to kill the weariness the world gives.

The fascinating woman must build her barricade with considerable finesse, if she does not find herself shunned behind it, by her own sex, with all the other sex trying to climb over it.

When a woman is overly sweet, look out for the dust she is trying to throw in your eyes.

The sharpness of woman's wit is always in proportion to her experiences.

The drag-net of flattery never fails to catch victims.

Pessimism is illusion gone to seed.

Men have become so accustomed to finding woman a marketable merchandise, it is sometimes a surprise to them to find one who cannot be bought with bank notes, wedding rings, or flattery.

There is always a tear lurking in woman's humor.

Man's love is perennial. Woman's love is centennial.

Grab happiness as she flies past you. Never dream that she will tarry long.

A man is a pretty straight piece of goods until some woman puts a wrinkle or a kink in him.

We measure other people's morals in a pint measure, and expect other people to measure ours in a bushel.

When love has dealt us a stinging blow, pride dresses the wound and time heals it.

The tears that are not in the eyes are too often drowning the heart.

Men take themselves so seriously! They are honest in their belief that they are "superior." It is very amusing to the woman who hears him rail at the coffee, damn the laundryman, and turn the house topsy-turvy, when he has the toothache!

A man is born generous, just, forgiving. A woman has to have every one of these virtues pounded into her with a sledge-hammer.

If men and women were not puzzles to each other, they would not be interesting to each other.

A man is never so much in love that he isn't a bit mercenary along with it.

Ignorance is idiotic while evil runs rampant.

Love is not held down very firmly unless weighted by coin.

What a paragon of virtue is—the other fellow's wife!

A man is never too old not to worry about the set of his collar, and whether his few remaining hairs have the proper trim.

Jealousy is a frightful cyclone that sweeps the innocent as well as the guilty in its path.

Life is never long enough to allow time for wicked or unwise conduct.

Most women have nursed the child Love and seen it die in their arms.

Marriage is a failure only to those who are a failure themselves.

There is only one thing in the world that can go faster than a woman's tongue, and that is—another woman's tongue.

Men demand virtue in woman, and then do everything under heaven to deprive her of it.

Don't argue. You never convince anyone. Kill them outright.

Some women are real diamonds, and some are paste; but it takes money to buy either.

When you sit in judgment on others turn the seat upside down, and see how wobbly the legs are.

If the virtues that we possess had one-tenth the stability of the virtues that we assume, every one would have to go into the business of manufacturing angels' wings.

Trust a man's honor to the end. Trust a woman's—until you arouse her enmity.

We would all be faithful, honest, virtuous—if we could choke opportunity to death.

Don't wish, pine, regret; but scheme, plan, force.

Vanity is the only passion left to us in old age.

An indiscreet man should be shot off the face of the earth. An indiscreet woman is to be expected.

Marriage is such an expenditure of energy in search of that myth—Happiness.

Men are faithful under two conditions—when they are watched, or there is no opportunity to be otherwise.

The conversation of the average woman is as monotonous as the first chapter in Genesis.

Vanity is like a cancer,—increases with age.

Conversation with some people is as hard work as carrying a loaded wagon up hill.

There lurks a little devil of vanity in every woman's heart that is always urging her to poach on some one else's preserves.

A man's life may have no woman in it and still be content. A woman's life with no man in it is always miserable.

A man is honorable for honor's sake. A woman is honorable so long as any particular feeling, inspiration, or principle by which she is dominated tells her to be honorable.

Cater to the vices and vanities of men and you will accumulate wealth. Cater to their intellectuality or spirituality and you'll starve to death.

Genius, virtue, beauty may be woman's attributes, but common sense, never!

The bitterest dose a man has to swallow is a dose of his own medicine.

When woman avows her love for man, his supreme egotism makes him believe the tale for all time. Woman has not *that egotism, and has the wit to know that love has wings.*

A man's spasm of repentance is always as brief as it is violent.

Men and women would not be such slippery eels if the hands were papered with bank notes.

Break your neck if you must, but never break your word.

What we love is always saying "good-bye;" what we hate "sticketh closer than a brother."

A woman is always hunting trouble to wrinkle and annoy her. A man is always hunting for escapades to embarrass or ruin him.

Money, the root of all evil! The root we are all trying to chew on. The evil we are all trying to commit.

A man is born rebellious, tyrannical, polygamous; born a savage; but it is his supreme good fortune to have mother, wife, sister, or sweetheart to mould him into the semblance of a gentleman that civilized beings can live with.

The tears in the eyes of women are like a little noisy creek. The tears in the hearts of men are like the sea—deep, briny, silent.

Passion, anger, and worry are great trench-builders in the human countenance.

The more friends and relations you have the more people you have to make you trouble, and to give you the heartache.

There is nothing in anything but love, and there is nothing in that when you get to the bottom of it.

There is a shadow of sorrow across every woman's eyes.

A woman gets more satisfaction in being well dressed than she does in being well moralled.

Hope is the sponge that wipes the lines of despair and disappointment from the heart.

Old women are cold women, and cold women are—bah!

Advice is always a drug in the market.

Men sip at Sorrow's cup, and women drain it to the bottom.

Vows of love are like pie-crust—made to be broken.

When men no longer look at a woman, it is time for her to say her prayers and prepare for eternity.

An unruly tongue is infinitely harder to control than an unruly horse.

One of the greatest shocks a woman receives is when she learns what an all-round nincompoop the oracle of wisdom she married is.

Old Age is constantly making apologies to Youth for being alive.

Hurry and worry are twins that should be strangled at birth.

The beauty of an angel does not compare with the beauty of a mother's heart.

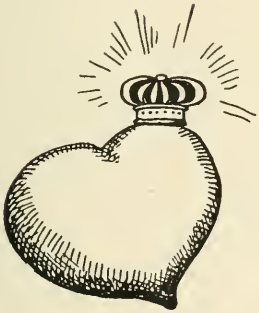
The intelligence of your neighbors depends on how favorably they judge *you*.

The wit of other people is invariably dulled by the sharpness of your own.

Every lost illusion writes a wrinkle on the heart and a shadow on the face.

Love is an amiable insanity.

We come into the world asking Why? and go out asking Where?



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